

THE WEEKLY REGISTER.

VOLUME I.

POINT PLEASANT, VA., THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 10, 1862.

NUMBER 6.

The Weekly Register.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY BY
GEORGE W. TIPPETT,
Main Street,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
TERMS:—One dollar per annum, strictly in advance.

ADVERTISING.
One square of 10 lines, one or three insertions \$1.00. Each subsequent insertion, 25 cents.
Professional cards of 7 lines or less 1 year \$5
Quarter Column 6 months \$10 one year \$15
Half Column, 6 months \$15, 1 year \$20
One Column, 6 months \$25, 1 year \$35
A liberal discount made to those who advertise by the year.

Advertisements must have the number of insertions marked on the copy, or they will be kept until paid for, and charged accordingly. All casual or transient advertisements must be paid for in advance, to insure their insertion. If a bill will not be made to orders of Publication or other legal advertisements unless they are paid for.

PROFESSIONAL & BUSINESS CARDS

B. J. REDMOND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
WILL practice in Mason, Jackson and Putnam Counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims and other business entrusted to his care.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

WM. H. TOMLINSON,
Attorney at Law,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
WILL practice in Mason and Putnam and adjacent counties. Prompt attention given to the collection of claims.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. S. G. SHAW,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
TENDERS his professional services to the public. Calls from the country promptly attended to. Office on Front Street, adjoining the "Virginia House."
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. JAMES H. HOOFF,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Point Pleasant, and vicinity. He keeps constantly on hand a large supply of drugs, oil, paints, dyes, varnish, essences, etc., perfumery and soaps of all kinds and patent medicines and a very superior article of sarsaparilla. He also has a large stock of tobacco, cigars and an excellent article of pure cider vinegar.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

DR. C. R. STERNEMAN,
SURGEON DENTIST,
Office on Second Street, above Public Square, COLUMBIA, OHIO.
Where all operations pertaining to Dentistry are performed in the best style of the profession. Terms Cash.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

ROBERT S. BICKEL,
MERCHANT TAILOR
AND DEALER IN
Ready Made Clothing,
Cloth, Cassimere, Vestings
GENTLEMEN'S FURNISHING GOODS.
Tailors Trimmings, &c.
Corner Main and 4th Streets,
POINT PLEASANT, VA.
Clothing made to order in the very best style at the shortest notice, and at the lowest price. Orders from the distance solicited.
Feb. 27, 1862-ly.

Merchants and Mechanics Bank of
Wheeling.
POINT PLEASANT BRANCH,
CAPITAL \$186,000.
C. C. MILLER, President,
J. D. McCulloch, Cashier,
J. D. McCulloch, S. G. Shaw,
A. McCulloch, James Capehart,
C. C. Miller, John McCulloch,
P. S. Lewis.
Discount day Tuesday,
February 27, 1862-ly.

Eagle Mills

POINT PLEASANT,
MASON COUNTY, VA.
THE Subscriber would respectfully inform the public that he is prepared to furnish persons in want of

LUMBER IN THE ROUGH,
such as white Pine 1 inch, 1 1/2 inch, 1 3/4 inch and 2 inch, of all qualities; also, Poplar, Oak and Yellow Pine, and Plastering laths, Dressed Flooring, Ceiling, Casings and Palings.

All of which I will sell as cheap, or cheaper than they can be got at any other place in this part of the country.

In connection with the above I have a new

GRIST MILL,

which I have completed but a short time, with three runs of French Burrs—one for corn, one for custom wheat and the other expressly for Merchant work. They can be run separately or all together.

On Saturday is the day for grinding Corn, but I can grind Wheat any day when I have steam up. I charge the eight for grinding Wheat and the sixth for grinding corn, with exchange at all times when parties wish to exchange.

Those living on the Kanawha river, and wishing to send their wheat or corn to my mill for the purpose of having it ground, or exchanged and not wishing to come with it, can send it down on some of the boats with instructions by letter, and I will have it hauled up to the Mill and back FREE OF CHARGE.

The highest market price paid for wheat, corn and logs at all times.

S. COMSTOCK.

POETICAL.

THE SOUTHERN WAGON.

AIR—“Wait for the Wagon.”

Jeff Davis built a wagon, and on it put his name,
And Beauregard was driver of Secession's ugly frame;
The horse he would get hungry, as most of horses do,
They had to keep the collar tight to keep from pulling through.

chokes.
Bully for the wagon,
The new Secession wagon,
Oh! Beary hold the nag in,
While you all take a ride.

The axles wanted greasing—the body wasn't wide,
North Carolina jumped into it, Mississippi by her side;
Virginia took a cushioned seat, and Louisiana next,
South Carolina got to “serouging” and Florida got red.

They asked Kentucky to take a ride, she said
“the horse was blind.”
She shook her head at seeing Tennessee jump on behind;
But Jeff assured her “all was right,” the wagon it was new.

Missouri winked at Beauregard, and said “it wouldn't do.”
Old Scott brought out his wagon—one that had run for years;
They caught Old Union, hitched him up, and greased his running gears.

Said Scott, “McClellan, you're the boy I want to fill my place,
So take the reins, and get the folks, and give Secesh a race.”
New York and Pennsylvania, with a host of Yankee boys,
Got up into the wagon, and they called for Illinois!

And old Ohio, she jumped in, Missouri tried her luck,
And Indiana threw her arm around good old Kentucky.
Old Union threw his head back—he traveled rather slow,
Until they reached Manassas, they hallooed “let him go!”

Their cheers for Union made him put new mettle in his heel,
He ran into “Secession”—tore the spokes out of a wheel.
They took the broken wagon back, and put in all new spokes,
Secesh went out towards Kentucky, to tell it to the folks.

Old Union started after, and he made the well-known
When he ran into Secession at a little place—
“Mill Spring.”
Secesh got scared and run away—the like was never seen,
Old Union threw his head back, and sailed through Bowling Green;

Secesh ran to the Cumberland, and couldn't get across
He broke the reins that guided him, and trusted to the horse.
Old Union got his “dauder up” and passed him “under way.”
He ran into Fort Donelson, but didn't go to stay

Tennessee fell out of the wagon, and the balance of them cried,
And asked McClellan, as he passed, “Say Mister let us ride.”
They went from there to Nashville, and there they'll change the scenes,
They'll grease the axles, turn old Union's head toward New Orleans;

They'll stop at Memphis, feed the hess, and then they'll let him go,
To drag Secesh's rotten frame to the Gulf of Mexico.
Now Buckner, he's gone up the spout, and Floyd has seen the sights,
And all the boys that went away with Buckner for their “rights.”

Ah! boys, you've seen the elephant—I hope it won't be long,
Till you'll be singing out with joy, “The Union right or wrong.” “JEST SO.”
[From the Cincinnati Commercial.]
PARSON BROWNLOW IN CINCINNATI.

His Straight Out Union Speeches—He is Hot and Heavy on the Traitors.

PARSON BROWNLOW, of East Tennessee, accompanied by his son, arrived in this city yesterday, and took quarters in the Gibson House. At 9 o'clock the Union Committee met him in the ladies' parlor; and he was welcomed by Pollock Wilson, Esq., who alluded with emotion to the secession. The Parson was much moved by the cordiality of his reception, and commenced speaking with a stammering voice, and eyes filled with tears. He gave some outlines of his political record. He had been for Clay in 1839—for Harrison in 1840, for Webster in 1852, for Fillmore in 1855, for Bell and Everett in 1860. Speaking of Bell always reminded him of “pity the sorrows of a poor old man.” He (the Parson) had never had sympathy with Secessionists. He had been offered large bribes to sustain the rebellion; but though he was a poor man he was not for sale. He gave an account of his correspondence with Judah P. Benjamin, all of which he had preserved and would publish in his forthcoming book. He could

not express the joy he felt in finding the old Union flag at Nashville. When the army went to East Tennessee he wanted to go along. It was in Fremont's Department and he was glad of it. Fremont was his sort of a man, and he wanted to go with him to East Tennessee. There had been a great deal of hanging on one side, and he wished to superintend it on the other. He could say and without profanity that the Federal army would be hailed with a joy only equalled by the hosannas of the angels when Christ was born.

He never had any sympathy with disunionists, secessionists or abolitionists. He was born in Virginia, and his parents before him. He is a slaveholder, but he had no hesitancy in saying that when the question came, as it will, “the Union and no slavery,” against “slavery and no Union,” he was for the Union and let slavery go to the dogs, or where else it may be sent. He was for the Union above that or any other institution.

The wicked rebellion, he felt confident was on its last legs. It is almost played out. When the rebel Crittenden's army passed him, the men were literally barefooted and almost naked.

The blockade has played sad havoc with them. They were preparing to make a desperate fight at Corinth. It whipped them, then their cause was gone. He hoped they would be pursued through the cotton States to the peninsula, and then driven into the sea, as were the devils driven from the hogs into the sea of Gallilee.

The nigger never was in this rebellion. He was never intended to be. Other causes had produced it, but the guilty were reaping their reward.

After the reception the parson took an airing with some gentlemen, driving through Clifton and other attractive suburbs of the city.

He visited the Merchants' Exchange, where he was introduced to the merchants by President Butler, and spoke for perhaps half an hour. He showed plainly the marks of the hard times through which he had passed. He is very thin and his face is haggard, bloodless and deeply marked with suffering and anxiety. He is, however, one of that race of tall, hardy, swarthy black haired East Tennesseeans, who gave Tennessee her old time glory as the Volunteer State, and were foremost in the battles of Andrew Jackson, and with proper care he will soon recover his health.

He gave a touching narrative of his sufferings in prison, of his illness, and the care with which the guards placed over him were doubted, when he was so sick he could not turn in bed without assistance. The jail was crowded with Union men! Many sickened and perished miserably in it, and others were taken out and hung. Gen. Carroll, of the Confederate army who was at one time a great friend of his, being a Union man until a late period, visited him in jail and said to him:

“Brownlow, you ought not to be here.”
“So I think,” the parson responded, “but here I am.” The General said the Confederate Court was sitting within a hundred yards of the jail, and if he would take the oath of allegiance, he should be immediately liberated. “Sir,” said the parson, looking him steadily in the eye, “before I will take the oath of allegiance to your bogus Government, I will rot in jail or die here of old age. I don't acknowledge you have a government. I don't acknowledge you have a government. It has never been acknowledged by any power on earth and never will be. Before I would take the oath I would see the whole Southern Confederacy in the infernal regions, and you on top of it!”

The General indignantly left the jail remarking “that is d—d plain talk.” “Yes sir,” said the Parson. “I am a plain man and them's my sentiments.” Frequently men were taken out of the jail and hung; and the secesh rabble would howl at him and tell him as he looked out from the jail windows that he was to be hung next. He told them from those windows that he was ready to go to the gallows, and all he asked was one hour's talk to the people before he was swung off, that he might give them his opinion of the mob called the Southern Confederacy. The Parson said he expected to be hanged. He had made up his mind to it. At one time he was tried by court martial, and in the decision of his case he was within one vote of being sentenced to hang. There was nothing between him and the gallows but the will of one man and him a secessionist. Great God on what a slender thread hung over his life! The jails in East Tennessee and North Alabama were overfull of Union men. The Union men there had never finished. They stood firm now.

The Government, whatever, else it did should immediately relieve them from the grinding and destroying oppression of secession. He related an instance of a young man, named John C. Herd, an exemplary citizen and church member, with a wife and two children, who was convicted of bridge burning. He was notified but one hour before he was hanged that he was to be executed. He asked for a minister of the Gospel to come and pray with him, but was told that praying would not do traitors to the South any good, and he was thus insultingly refused his dying request. But the rebels sent with him to the gallows

a miserable, drunken, and demoralized chaplain of one of their regiments, who stood on the gallows and told the crowd assembled to see the hanging, that the young man about to be executed had been led into the commission of the crime for which he was to suffer, by designing men; and was sorry for what he had done. The man that was about to be hung sprang to his feet, and called out that every word the Chaplain had uttered was false. He was the identical man who had burned the New Creek bridge. He knew what he had done when he did it, and would do it again if he had a chance. They might go on with their hangings. He was ready for it. And they hung him forthwith. The Parson told of an inoffensive citizen who was pointed out to a party of straggling soldiers, while at work in his field, as “a d—d Unionist.” He was at once fired upon and so mangled, that he died within a few hours.

The Parson said it might astonish them but the greatest negro thieves in the world were the Confederate soldiers. He spoke feelingly upon this subject. They had stolen from him a likely negro boy, fourteen years old, and worth a thousand dollars. He had never heard from the boy since he had been taken away, and never expected to see him again or to get a cent for him. It was a solemn fact that the Confederate soldiers had stolen more negroes during this war than all the Abolitionists had stolen for forty years. These soldiers were the scoundrels of the earth. Not one half of them had ever owned a negro, or were connected by any degree of social affinity or consanguinity, with anybody who ever did own a negro. Not only did they steal negroes, but they entered houses and took the clothing from beds, broke open the drawers, and took all the money and jewelry that they could lay their hands upon. They were, emphatically, thieves, as well as traitors.

He had recently had a conversation with a secesh lady, who spoke as usual of one of the chivalry whipping five of the Yankees. He asked her about Fort Donelson, &c. She explained by saying, the people of the North West are the sons of emigrants from the South. They were Southern stock and fought like Southerners. He inquired what of the black-balled Yankees, under Burnside, but he did not know how that was; in fact he had heard but little about it. The Parson spoke in animated style, and his voice gave signs of failing. He has been troubled with a bronchitis, and is still weak from the illness contracted during his imprisonment. He remarked that he had not for some months attempted to speak in public, and his failing strength admonished him that he must close.

He thanked God that he could see daylight now. The game of rebellion was pretty near played out. A “little more grape” and we would have them. His motto for the war was “grape shot for the armed masses, and hemp for the leaders.”

Raising and Commanding Generals.

Annexed, we give the Farewell Order of Brigadier Gen. W. S. Rosecrans, who has for eight months past been in command of the Department of West Virginia, having been, prior to that time, in command of a brigade under Gen. McClellan in this department for one month. During the discharge of his arduous duties, both in the field and at Headquarters, he has endeared himself to his entire command, and secured the highest approval of his superiors.

Gen. Fremont comes among us, in the face of considerable popular prejudice growing out of his prior political status and associations. But he is a patriot and a skillful officer, a man of determined will and untiring energy and has the advantage of birth and education in the South, and large experience in mountainous regions and among mankind generally, which will enable him to appreciate the wants and peculiar position of our people; and we have confidence that he will rightfully fulfill his mission in the Mountain Department. Appended is the order of Gen. Rosecrans, to which we have above referred.

It is a kindly modes', and timely paper:

GENERAL ORDER NO. 4.
HEADQUARTERS OF THE DEPARTMENT OF THE MOUNTAINS,
Wheeling, Va., March 29, 1862.

Brother Officers and soldiers:—Department Order No. 17, published the President's War Order No. 3, announcing the change in the limits and styles of this Department, and the assignment of an officer of superior rank to its command.

Major-General John C. Fremont, U. S. A., having arrived at Wheeling to assume the command, I now take leave of you in the only manner in which circumstances permit—viz. in General Order. COMPANIONS IN ARMS:—In this vast Department of Mountains and Forests, in the rains of summer, the cold and storms of winter, for nine months, I have witnessed your uncomplaining patience, zeal and activity—your watchings your marchings and your combats. Under

God, to your bravery and good conduct, it is due that not a single reverse has attended our arms in all these vast regions.

Whatever I go, I shall bear with me the remembrance of men, who, leaving home and all its endearments—against the force of all former tastes and habits, have undertaken to insure themselves to the toils privations, and hardships and dangers of military life, and have succeeded.

But, comrades, proud as I am of the manly energy you have thus displayed, I am prouder still to bear testimony to the pure and lofty patriotism which has called us forth.

No mean and sectional spirit, no low truckling to reckless leadership—no blind and ignorant fanaticism has animated you. By your intelligence your unanimity and forbearance towards those whom the rebellion has misled, you have shown that you entered into the conflict with a conviction that the interests of free Government and even of human freedom itself opposed by arbitrary and despotic will—by rebellion in favor of despotism—lay in the issue, and that you fought for the liberties of all both North and South.

Such men deserve to be, and will be free themselves, or dying, will bequeath liberty and a glorious name to their posterity. That it may be your happy lot, in the Union under the Constitution, and the laws, to be free and happy yourselves, and to bequeath freedom, and happiness and a glorious name, to your children, is my cherished wish and hope.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Brig. Gen. U. S. A.

Maj. Gen. Fremont in Command of this Department.

By the annexed official orders, just issued, it will be seen that Maj. General Fremont has assumed command of this Department:

Headquarters Mountain Department,
Wheeling, March 29, 1862.
General Orders, No. 5.

1. In pursuance of the President's War Order No. 3, of March 11th, the undersigned hereby assumes command of this Department.

2. The Chiefs of the several Departments of the Staff will remain in the performance of their duties until further orders.

J. C. FREMONT,
Major General Commanding.

Headquarters Mountain Department,
Wheeling, March 29, 1862.

General Orders, No. 6.

All of Western Virginia, north and east of the counties of Jackson, Boone, Calhoun, Braxton, Lewis, Barbour and Tucker, inclusive, and West of the Alleghenies, Maryland and Pennsylvania, will until further orders, constitute the Railroad District. Brigadier General B. F. Kelly, Volunteers is assigned to the command.

By order of
MAJOR GEN. FREMONT,
HENRY THRALL, Asst. Ad Gen.

We clip the following from the Wheeling Daily Press:

Fourth Virginia.

CERZOO, Va., March 22, 1862.

Editors Press: I propose to give you occasionally some items from the 4th Virginia Regiment. I have perused several numbers of your paper, and in them numerous letters from different Virginia regiments, but none from the 4th. Our regiment is one of the first that entered the three years' service, the first company having been mustered in in June last. The regiment was recruited principally in Mason, Kanawha, Putnam and Jackson counties, and the men are the flower of these counties, who have enlisted purely from patriotic motives, and they are anxious to strike some blows for the maintenance of the Union.

We have been in Ceredo since December last, and when the weather would permit every available moment has been devoted to drilling, and consequently we are well prepared for the coming spring campaign.

Last summer an immense amount of scouting was performed by some of the companies in our regiment—B and D being stationed in Charleston, and A, C, E and F, in Spencer, in Boone county.

The Paymaster made his appearance in this section of country last evening. He is now paying off the 2d Virginia Cavalry at Guyandotte, and will be with us next week. After he leaves we look for, and hope soon to receive marching orders. The men are very anxious to get into active service, and I make the prediction, when you hear we are on the field, that the Fourth will do her duty and do it well.

Circuit Court met here on the 20th inst., Judge Brown, of Kanawha, presiding. The county seat is located at Trout Hill, in the interior of the county—but the records were removed to Ceredo for safety some time since. But few of them are missing, the more important ones being saved. The attendance at Court is large. The Grand Jury empanelled was composed of the most respectable and intelligent citizens of Wayne County, the county having been rid of the prowling hands of Secessionists who invested it during the past summer. The people are beginning to

come forth and once more resume their usual avocations. From information derived from those at Court, I think large crops will be harvested here next summer. Business has been almost entirely suspended in Ceredo—the residents of the town having mostly left. Those who remain, contemplate a revival of business here when Spring opens.

How to make Money.

When you wish to send money in a letter, let your bills be of such denominations as will require the least number to make the desired amount; be sure also that they are good bills. Put the money within the letter sheet, so that it may not come in contact with the envelope, and secure the letter firmly. Put on the postage stamp your self, and quietly drop it in the postoffice box, for to register a letter is merely to label it as containing money.

We find good hints on these matters in Field Notes.

In sending gold or silver coin by letter, take a thin card the size of the letter when folded, cut out holes the size of the coin, set the coin in the holes, and paste this paper lightly over, to keep the money in its place. It is of no use to stick coin upon a wafer to the sheet of the letter—it always gets off by the jolting of the mail matter. Any amount of silver coin less than a half dollar can go in a letter sheet for single postage, a half dollar is an ordinary letter always at double postage.

Andrew Johnson on the Secesh in Nashville.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The President has received a letter from Gov. Andrew Johnson, dated at Nashville, representing that the secession feeling is very strong in that city.

The small contractors who have arrived here from Kentucky, declare that State will probably accept the plan of emancipation suggested by the President in his recent message.

A Washington report states that John Janney, President of the Virginia Secession Convention has taken the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government.

The Commissioners to examine into the affairs of the Western or Missouri Department have made a voluminous report, in which they state they examined 1,207 witnesses and found claims presented to them amounting to \$8,000,000. They remarked that they have devoted the greater part of their time to the exposure of the abuses which have characterized the last administration of that Department, and testify to the integrity which generally has been displayed by merchants, mechanics and manufacturers, when permitted to deal directly with the Government. Wide spread as has been the demoralization in official circles, and among their dependants and favorites, and startling as have been the frauds which have been attempted and consummated, a large majority of the claimants have presented themselves before the Commission unimpeached by imputation, either in their loyalty or honor.

The Rebels Driven Beyond Edinburg.

The following dispatch was received here to-day, dated Woodstock, Va., April 2d:

“We have driven the enemy, to-day, from Strasburg to Woodstock, and thence to Edinburg, 12 miles further. He contested the march most of the way.”

The enemy contested sharply a strong position at Edinburg. We lost but one killed and one wounded.

The rebel Colonel Ashby received a shot through his cap.

Our men behaved admirably during yesterday's advance. Our skirmishers were frequently fired on by Johnson's rear guard. We shelled them so often in range, but they succeeded in burning several bridges this side of Edinburg.

The Line of the Kanawha.

Matters on the line of the Kanawha River are reported in a very quiet state. The presence of the Federal troops under General Rosecrans has had the tendency, in that whole section of country, to reassure the inhabitants of protection, and they are preparing, with the usual energy that has characterized them in times gone by, to cultivate their farms. Large numbers of farmers came down on the boat to lay in seed for a new crop, their fire stock having either been taken away or destroyed by the rebels, under those notorious traitors Jenkins and Clarkson. [Wheeling Press.]

We learn from the Nashville Banner that railroad communication between Nashville and Duck river over the Tennessee and Alabama Railroad has been opened again, and the Nashville and Chattanooga Railroad will soon be in running order to Murfreesboro.

Kossuth still resides in London, where his sons have recently graduated from the University. He is now sixty years of age. He is still working for Hungary, expects aid from Napoleon III, if over that potentate interposes in the affairs of Southern Europe.

A great battle is anticipated within a few days to come off at Corinth, Mississippi.